

# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

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PRICE TEN CENTS.



MRS. BARNEY BARNATO, WIFE OF THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

(See page 15.)



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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1895.

## IS LITERARY TASTE DECAYING?

IN the July number of *The North American Review* there is an article from the pen of Mr. Edmund Gosse entitled "The Decay of Literary Taste." It forms one of a series of articles on "Degeneration and Evolution," the first of which consists of a reply by the formidable Dr. Max Nordau to some of his critics. Now, most people who know anything must have satisfied their minds by this time that the author of "Degeneration" is a pompous faddist, who has succeeded in gaining some notoriety by riding to death the half-truth contained in Dryden's well-known line:

"Great wit to madness nearly is allied."

Dr. Nordau poses as a specialist in literary psychology. As a matter of fact he is nothing better than an ingenious empiric. He is, moreover, an opportunist, who has, figuratively speaking, felt the pulse of the age, before publishing his book. We are all crushed nowadays by the dead weight of pessimism, and accordingly we are only too ready to applaud the philosophers who croak continually, "The world is out of joint." If, instead of croaking, they tried to "set it right," to follow up Hamlet's language, their existence might be of some use to humanity. Dr. Max Nordau's "Degeneration" is an elaborate attempt to prove that neurosis has tainted the human intellect in the nineteenth century, and that many—if not most—of our literary eccentrics are the victims of either moral insanity or some obscure form of nervous disorder. The obvious suggestion is that we should invoke the aid of the physician for every erratic poet and every erotomaniacal novelist. In answer to the criticism which his book has met with, Dr. Nordau gives vent to a number of extremely dogmatic pronouncements in *The North American Review*, and once more the tone of his utterances is pessimistic in the extreme. "Decay" is their key-note; and, at the bidding of the "able editor," as Carlyle would say, Mr. Gosse follows suit with a literary Jeremiad.

The first observation made by Mr. Gosse is that "there is more and more 'taste' among us every day, but the greater part of it is bad." Mark the satirical emphasis on the word "taste." Mr. Gosse might have shortly said: "There is a great increase of bad taste;" but that would not harmonize with his *recherche* anecdote about the lady and the Master of Trinity.

Now, according to Mr. Gosse, the prevailing bad taste in matters literary is attributable to the demoralizing influence of "the vast, coarse, insatiable public." Surely, this is admirable! Literature has deteriorated because the public is what the French call *bête*. In other words, nobody has any taste nowadays, according to the judgment of Mr. Gosse. He tells us that sufficient attention is not paid to "form," and goes on jauntily: "In the hurry and superfluity of book-production indifferent authors get praised too much and excellent authors get appreciated too little." Let the great "unappreciated" take this "flattering unction" to their souls. After all, failure is a consolation, for it shows

the besotted ignorance and unappreciativeness of that many-headed beast, the public! "A book," says Mr. Gosse, "can hardly fail to be accepted if a pledge is given that it is by 'a new writer.'" He adds that a second book by every such "new writer" is greeted with contemptuous depreciation. Now all this is mere moonshine, and Mr. Gosse ought to know it. Many well-written and highly original first books by writers who had been previously unheard of have been rejected by a number of publishers, and have at last seen the light with difficulty, and even then have been greeted with mingled praise and blame. So it is to-day; so it has ever been. The fact that Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" and Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre" were refused by several publishing houses in London shows how hard it is to bring out a new novel of first-rate quality. Is not the same trial undergone by capable writers at the present time? The public may consist of fools who always mistake brass for gold; but the publisher's ear must be reached before an author can get at the public.

Then, again, what a fallacy is involved in the careless use of that vague phrase "the public"! What is—or who are—"the public"? Does it mean the entire population of a particular country without distinction of class, or does it mean the book-reading portion of the population? or does it mean the whole world? Some books have had a small sale in England, and a very large sale in America. Others have been bought extensively in England, and have found no purchasers at the other side of the Atlantic. Then there are the Colonies to reckon with. Australia reads Fergus Hume—and so do some benighted people in England. In the sense of the population of England—or let us say of the United Kingdom alone—the public consists of many widely different sections. There is the purely literary section, whose views are embodied in the level-headed reviews in *The Athenæum* and *The Academy*. There is the non-literary, or Philistine section, whose tendency is to subordinate literature to what it is pleased to call "morality," or perhaps—a lower level—to "propriety." Then there are the "gilded youth," to whom both art and morals are of secondary consequence, in comparison with *dolce far niente* and the material luxuries of life. Then there is the army of faddists—from whom may Heaven deliver us, if we wish to escape being classified among Dr. Max Nordau's moral lunatics! To them, of course, literature is as nothing compared with their darling fad, whatever it may be, and, therefore, the aspiring author can only reach them by pandering more or less to this fad.

Now to which of these sections should an author appeal? Obviously, if literature is to have any intrinsic value, apart from utilitarian or other non-literary considerations, the author should appeal to the distinctively literary section of the public. Coming from the abstract to the concrete, we may ask: To which section does the average author nowadays appeal? We find that most novelists appeal, not to the literary section of the public, but either to the "gilded youth" or to the Philistine section. Sir Walter Besant, for instance—this is not said at all by way of depreciation—appeals to the "young person" and to her highly respectable mamma. He is not as much concerned about paternal families. The latter individual frequently seeks his "fictional" refreshment (All Hail Columbia for supplying that useful adjective) either in the works of Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, or in French realistic novels. The late Robert Louis Stevenson appealed to boys and to full-grown people who still loved to read about buccaners and outlaws of various descriptions. Mr. Thomas Hardy appeals to those who have a relish for the country, even though they may happen to be town-folk—and let it not be assumed that this species of taste is at all universal. Many people have no love of the country, and think cows and sheep exceedingly stupid. To whom does Mr. George Meredith appeal? To the cultured few; and hence the slow, though sure, growth of his literary reputation. Now, unless a new novel makes its appeal to the public indiscriminately, its circulation must necessarily be limited to certain classes. "The Heavenly Twins" was a big pamphlet on the Woman Question in the shape of a novel, and, as every one for some time past has been either talking, or being talked at, on the subject of Sex, every one has read, or pretended to have read, this dreary, dismal, croaking book. If, then, it be true that Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Herbert Spencer and Professor Huxley might have their combined sales dropped into the ocean of "The Heavenly Twins," and scarcely cause a splash in that enormous flood, the explanation given of the phenomenon by Mr. Gosse is not the correct one.

It goes without saying that a considerable proportion of those who read books of some sort or other are vulgar and somewhat unheroic in their ideas. Democracy cannot generate universal refinement, unless, indeed, it be the ideal democracy of Athens in the days of Pericles. But, when this is frankly admitted, the fact remains that during the past quarter of a century there has been a great advance not only in the matter of education, but of literary taste among the mass of the British population. It is true that fiction of a very poor order still brings its producers plenty of money. People read the so-called novels of Mesdames Sarah Grand and Mona Caird from sheer curiosity to know what these dogmatic ladies have to say on that eternal topic—Woman.

But it is a gross distortion of the truth to say that only such books gain popularity. When we consider how many thousands have read "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "One of Our Conquerors" with delight, we should not impute brutal tastiness to the entire reading public. Again, look at the success of Mr. Stanley Weyman's books, in spite of the supposed decline of historical romance. Furthermore, Continental fiction is beginning to be appreciated by a great many people of the middle class in England—and the same observation, modified, of course, to suit the different circumstances of the two countries, applies to the United States.

As to Mr. Gosse's arbitrary assumption that "nothing but fiction has a chance of real popularity," it is purely fallacious. The widespread interest taken in Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" and also in the work already referred to—Dr. Max Nordau's "Degeneration"—shows how much exaggeration there is in such a sweeping assertion. Fiction is, no doubt, very popular at present; but, though it would be risky to say that even our greatest living novelists have produced, or are likely to produce, anything equal to the masterpieces of Fielding, Thackeray and George Eliot, it cannot be denied that there is a greater quantity of excellent novels turned out than at any previous period in the history of English literature.

Altogether, Mr. Gosse's title is a mistake. There will always be bad taste where there is ignorance and superficiality; but the literary taste of the public at large at the present time is far superior to that which existed in the days of Pope and Swift, or in those of Byron and Scott.

D. F. HANNIGAN,  
LONDON, ENGLAND.

What does the civilized world intend to do, in the face of the recent rumored outbreaks of Turkish fanaticism against the Armenians?

Between Erzeroum and Trebizond five hundred Mohammedans and Lazes attacked a number of Armenian villages, massacring one hundred and fifty helpless men, women and children. It is quite clear that these fiendish outrages are the result of a thoroughly organized conspiracy. It is useless to look to the Sultan for "reforms" in this connection. Even now, Pasha and other officials are justifying the massacres by charging the Christians with being the aggressors, and even with attempting to set fire to Mohammedan temples. The case demands a radical remedy. The blight of Turkish oppression and fanaticism must be removed from these helpless subject States, in which Christians have no rights that Mohammedan soldiers and populace are bound to respect.

Turkey must be wiped from the map of Europe. Under the fostering care of the European Powers' mutual jealousy the rule of the Sultan has become an outrage upon civilization. The Sick Man has been going from bad to worse. The degeneration of Turkey, even as a tool of English diplomacy against Russia, has been hurried on by the very support and countenance that England gave. No strong hand was stretched forth to check Turkey on the modern road to ruin—the bonding of the country to the money-lender. Within the last twenty years, a large majority of the English public—that were once his friends for speculative purposes—have sentenced the unspeakable Turk to destruction, as a punishment for crimes and follies which have never been repented so long as the submissive debtor paid his pound of flesh to the English usurer. Five years ago a distinguished English statesman exclaimed that the plight of Turkey then ought to bring shame and confusion to the conscience of every Englishman. How much more so now.

The recent letter of Mr. Gladstone should urge the Powers to settle the case of the Sick Man at once, and for all future time. The Sultan has had a long reign of bloody ascendancy in Southeastern Europe. It is time it were brought to an end. Here is Mr. Gladstone's letter to a lady who takes a deep interest in the question:

"Hawarden Castle, October 22.  
"DEAR MADAME NOVIKOFF—I shall carefully, and for many reasons, keep myself to myself. I see in my mind that wretched Sultan, whom God has given as a curse to mankind, waving his flag in triumph, and the adversaries at his feet are England, France and Russia. As to the division of shame among them I care little enough, but hope that my own country will, for its own good, be made conscious and exhibited to the world for its own full share, whatever that may be.

"May God, in his mercy, send a speedy end to the governing Turk and all his doings, as I said when I could say, and sometimes do. So I say in my political decrepitude or death.

"Always sincerely yours,  
"WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE."

This letter is to me sad beyond expression. The Grand Old Man has been hailed as the Liberator of Macedonia, and his pathetic abandonment of his long struggle against the Monster of the Bosphorus would seem to be almost too cruel a blow to him now, in the deepening twilight of his career. Has the United States nothing to say, as one of the great nations of the earth? The Young Republic in 1895 put an end forever to the tribute paid by Christian nations for centuries to the



pirates of the Barbary Coast. Have we not the firm and justice-loving President Cleveland now in the White House? Has the President no suggestions to offer to the Powers, looking to the final solution of the case of Turkey? Here is a chance for us to set one more precedent for the nations.

The letter of Mr. Gladstone has already borne fruit. Speaking at Watford, October 30, Lord Salisbury protested against making the foreign policy of European countries any more difficult than it is by "interfering" in the Armenian affair—a word by which his Lordship takes occasion to describe Mr. Gladstone's letter. Lord Salisbury says he is only carrying out precedent—pursuing the policy of his predecessors in office. But new emergencies always bring new policies, and certainly the Armenian affair is the one great emergency that now confronts the civilized world, and England and Lord Salisbury in particular. The Conservative party now in power must "interfere" before long, or the other nations may show them how to do it.

By a treaty with England, the building and using of ironclads on the Great Lakes is practically prohibited on either the Canadian or the American side of any of the Lakes, even on the wholly American Lake Michigan. It seems odd that England, a foreign Power, should hold in check the iron industries of Michigan and even of Chicago, the second city of the Union. But does not the prohibition bear rather heavily on our Canadian neighbors also? Attention has been called to this stupid treaty by the fact that Secretary Herbert and his predecessor, Secretary Tracy, have both been obliged to refuse Michigan bids on the cruisers, because of this very obliging arrangement with Great Britain. The treaty can be terminated on six months' notice. Why not give the notice—and give Michigan and the Lake Superior mineral ranges a chance?

The latest lynching outrage is the burning alive of the Texas negro for the "usual crime." The description of the scene is almost too revolting to print—such is the naked horror and revival of savagery that marked the gathering of twelve thousand men, women and children, to slowly do a black fiend to death. An awful alternative confronts the Southern people in this connection. Either the negro guilty of the heinous crime of assault upon white women must be tried, convicted and punished by a term of years, as the white man is, for the crime of assault unaccompanied by the murder of the victim, or these barbarous lynchings of negroes for the double crime of assault and murder must continue. Governor Culberson of Texas has ordered Sheriff Smith of Tyler to arrest all engaged in the recent burning of the negro Hilliard near Tyler. The Governor offers to send him all the assistance that may be required. And yet, this is a terrible problem that confronts the South. I am afraid the remedy lies with the people themselves. And the form the penalty is to take will probably be lynching for some time to come. It is hard even for Governor Culberson to indict and convict a whole Texas county. The WEEKLY is likely to have a suggestion to offer before very long.

The mass meeting at Cooper Union October 29, in the interest of canal improvement, was addressed by ex-Mayor Hewitt, Mayor Strong, ex-Mayor Franklin Edson and many other eminent New Yorkers. The specific point brought out was that the commercial supremacy of New York has been hitherto undisputed and that it is now proposed to spend nine million dollars to maintain it, said sum to be expended on the Erie Canal, Champlain Canal and Oswego Canal. For thirty years there has been no improvement. Surely it is time the work was done. The fact that Cooper Union was filled to overflowing—and that, too, right in the centre of a heated municipal campaign—shows that the canal issue is very much in evidence.

Senator Chandler prophesies a war with England over the Venezuelan affair. The London *Standard* disposes of the prophecy by saying that it may catch the "riff-raff of the great towns," but that the bulk of us over here will receive it with disgust and indignation. The *Standard* has a way of settling these things in a few words. The disgust and indignation will depend a good deal on the tactics of England in Venezuela, and it will be an easy matter to turn them away from Senator Chandler and in the direction of that Schomburgk line.

Tuesday, October 29, was the ninety-ninth anniversary of the birth of the poet Keats. Brought before his time into a practical world, this dreamer was unfitted either in body or temperament to cope with the difficulties which beset his path, and twenty-four years later he succumbed under the combined burdens of ill-health and disappointment.

No youthful poet has ever shown such unmistakable signs of the possession of true genius as Keats, and, had he lived until that genius had matured, it is impossible to conceive to what heights he might have attained. His poems are evidently the outpouring of an immature

mind, but a mind of such power, endowed with such a wealth of imagery and such felicity of thought that, despite its immaturity, it has earned for him a lofty niche in the temple of fame. His poetry has been aptly described as the "rapturous voice of youthful fancy luxuriating in a world of beautiful unrealities."

He was a thorough Hellenist, a remarkable circumstance in view of the fact that his classical studies never proceeded beyond a rudimentary course in Latin, his knowledge of Greek mythology having been acquired at second-hand. It is popularly believed that his untimely death was caused by the fierce onslaught made on him by the *Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood's*, on the publication of "Endymion"; but this has been contradicted. These attacks upon him were certainly virulent and unjustifiable and sorely wounded his sensitive nature, but they were not the cause of his early death, although they may have contributed toward hastening the end. He had long suffered from consumption, to which disease he succumbed December 27, 1820. He was buried in the English Protestant cemetery, in Rome, whither he had gone in the hope of obtaining relief from his sufferings, and on his tombstone was inscribed the following epitaph, written by himself: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." Posterity, however, has reversed this modest estimate of his abilities, and now, nearly a century later, he stands, as he will probably always stand, a monument of unmaturing, undeveloped genius.

So Fitzsimmons has been arrested. Corbett is in hiding and the big fight between the noted pugilists is again "off." It really begins to look as though it has been off from the first. The meeting has been arranged and postponed or prevented so often that the average newspaper reader has lost the count and is becoming rather weary of the whole affair. After repeated disappointments brought about by injunctions, legislative enactments, gubernatorial proclamations and similar preventives calculated to dampen the ardor of the guileless prizefighter, and an interchange of compliments, more or less polite, on the part of the combatants at each interruption, a mysterious intimation is given that the fight will eventually come off, when and where not stated. Wednesday of last week the news was proclaimed that the fight was actually to take place that day or next, in Hot Springs, Ark.—this on a "tip" from an official source. The result was that Fitzsimmons was arrested and Corbett forced to hide. What a fortunate circumstance it was that that last tip was sent out—and at such a moment, too—just in time for the wily constable to swoop down on one combatant and put the other to flight before their good friends could bring them together in the interests of sport and the gate receipts. And now we may expect another deluge of newspaper correspondence, with a delicate display of mutual courtesy on the part of the law-ridden heroes. In view of the many difficulties that seem to beset the path of the virtuous and law-abiding prizefighter in this degenerate age, would it not be a good idea for these gladiators to settle their little differences in the same manner as the chess giants have frequently done in recent years—by telegraph? If some such arrangement could be made the fight would probably take place, both combatants would be safe from bodily harm, the suspense would be ended and everybody would be happy.

The failure of the Ribot Ministry shows that in France the Socialists are a growing power in public affairs. The few Radicals who aided them in their victory over the Ministry regretted their action at once; but the outcome shows that the Socialists are a power to be reckoned with. President Faure was having a hard time to get a new Ministry, when the WEEKLY went to press.

The Marquis de Nave is on trial at Bourges, France, for murdering his stepson in 1885 by throwing him over a cliff along the Sorrento Road leading to the Bay of Naples. The nobleman's defense now is, that the boy must have fallen over the cliff, while he, the Marquis, was away for a few moments. The former defense was, that the boy was despondent and committed suicide. The theory of the prosecution is that the Marquis killed his stepson to get control of a fortune which he spent in riotous living.

Princess Maud, the youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales, is engaged to marry a Prince of the House of Denmark. Maud is twenty-six past, or as we say, in square root, 26+. Maud's hubby can call Maud's mamma "Auntie," as well as "Mother"; for the Princess of Wales is sister to the Prince's father. Queen Victoria will soon have to begin marrying off her great-granddaughters, as I believe Maud is the last or second last granddaughter she has left.

D. O. Mills, millionaire and father-in-law of White-law Reid, owner of the *Tribune*, has rescued a large block in Bleecker Street, this city, from the slums; he will tear down the old buildings and build a new hotel for men on the site. If real estate in that section does

not take a leap upward then, it will be strange. Then why do not other capitalists take the hint? This is rather a profitable way of getting rid of the slums.

It is unofficially announced that Carlos Manuel de Cespedes has landed with his expedition on the east coast of Cuba. He is the son of the President of the provisional republic of Cuba twenty years ago. The expedition consisting of one hundred and seven men had charge of a cargo of five hundred rifles, four hundred thousand cartridges, ten cases of miscellaneous war material, including dynamite, and two hundred and fifty machetes—villainous Spanish knives. Most of the men and the cargo went from this country, and Spain has of course taken cognizance of the fact. The Spanish Commander Martinez Campos says he expects this country to recognize Cuba as a belligerent; but that the insurrection can and will be easily put down. The whole of the Island is to be divided into Districts to be patrolled by a standing army. Ex-Senator Dolph of Oregon says we ought to take Cuba under our protection at once. I wonder if we would have to protect this army every time it strayed into the mountain districts?

Herman W. Mudgett, alias H. H. Holmes, is on trial at Philadelphia charged with the murder of his partner in crime, one Pitezel, with whom he is alleged to have been engaged in the systematic insuring of people, and then murdering them for the money. Little doubt of the prisoner's guilt seems to exist in the mind of the average reader, and yet the law is supposed to hold him innocent until he is proven guilty. If he is, he has the most fearful record and burden of guilt at present that ever an innocent man carried. If guilty he is *facile princeps* among modern criminals—no less than thirty murders are alleged against him—all of them cold-blooded, deliberate and for the mere purpose of gain. He is highly intelligent and well educated, but has probably the most "criminal" head that ever entered a Murderer's Row.

David F. Hannigan is on trial in this city for killing the betrayer of his sister, Solomon H. Mann. It is another case wherein the law and even the jury's sense of duty may be temporarily set aside in the presence of a broader human recognition of an alleged right to vengeance. This alleged right the law does not sanction. Counsel for Hannigan, in this eventful crisis of his life, have therefore set up the plea of insanity—that although Hannigan is sane now, he was insane at the time he killed Mann. The case is likely, however, to be decided without reference to the facts in the case, in so far as they bear upon the question of the prisoner's sanity. A disagreement of the jury is most probable.

It seems that Edith Lancaster, a well-born young Englishwoman, was smitten with the charms of one Sullivan, a Socialist workman, and went to live with him as his wife. It is contrary to the Socialist morality to recognize even the contract of marriage; so these two young people omitted any ceremony of the kind. The lady's friends had her placed in an asylum for the insane. But she got out, by process of English law. Among those who have sent congratulations is the Marquis of Queensberry. Labor Leader John Burns was the prime mover in bringing about the lady's liberation. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, it is believed, will go through the forms of a ceremony now, just for form's sake.

A stirring tale of adventure on the sea was that told last week by Benjamin S. Weeks, probably the sole survivor of the schooner "Harry S. Lord, Jr.," which was lost on October 23, about three hundred miles southeast of Cape Hatteras. Weeks is a very intelligent man, about thirty years old, and gave a vivid account of the wreck and of his sufferings. He was covered with blisters, bruises and cuts which go far to corroborate his statements. The vessel was on her way from Port Liberty, Hayti, to New York with a cargo of logwood when the squall struck her, on the 19th of October. From that day until the 23d she took water rapidly and the pumps were in constant requisition. The efforts of the crew were of no avail, however; the ship became water-logged and went down on her beam-end. Eight men were clinging to the wreck and four were washed away, one by one, by the heavy sea.

Weeks showed where he was cut to the bone in several places by the ropes with which he had lashed himself to the rail. The roof of the forward deckhouse was swept away and he freed himself, and, springing overboard, succeeded in reaching it. This was on Wednesday night, and he remained on the roof of the deckhouse until Friday morning, when he was picked up by the schooner "Star of the Sea." During the time he was adrift his sufferings from hunger and thirst, especially the latter, were intense; and once while his feet were hanging over the side of his raft he narrowly escaped being caught by a shark. The reporters at the ship news office in New York, where Weeks told his tale, made up a purse to enable him to return to his home in Sneed's Ferry, Onslow County, N. C.



EVENING BELLS: BY JOSEF WOPFNER.—ENGRAVED FROM A REPRODUCTION BY THE MUNICH PHOTOGRAPHIC UNION.





A SUNDAY PINATA



LAWN TENNIS CLUB



BASE BALL CLUB



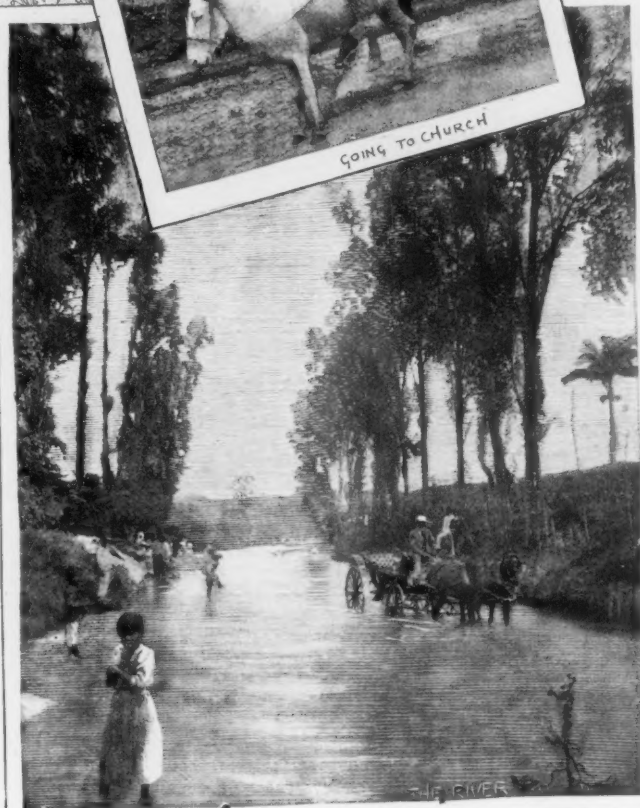
READY TO DANCE THE GARAPO



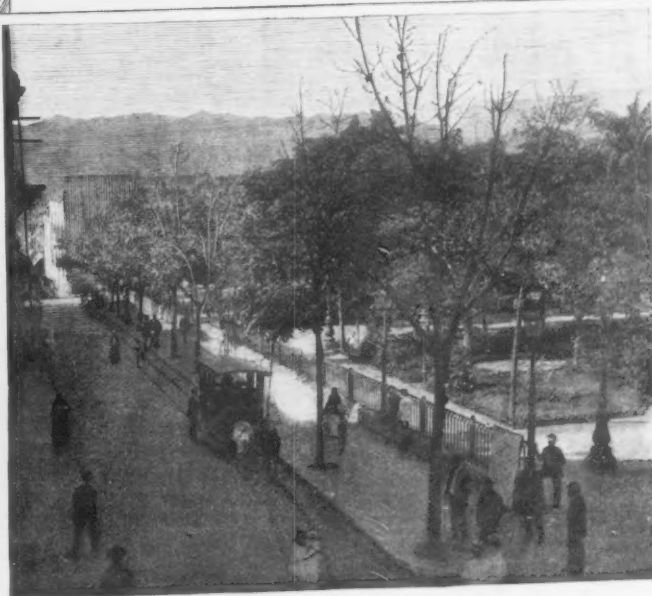
GOING TO CHURCH



SUNDAY HUNTING PARTY



THE RIVER



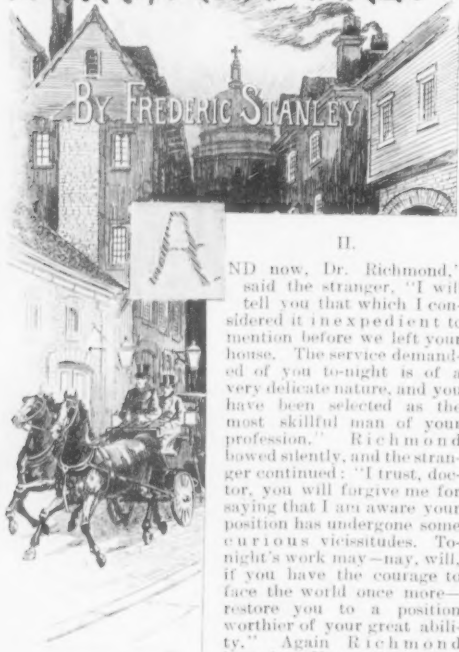
STREET SCENE CARACAS

SUNDAY IN CARACAS.

(See page 10.)

# HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

BY FREDERIC STANLEY



II.

ND now, Dr. Richmond," said the stranger, "I will tell you that which I considered it inexpedient to mention before we left your house. The service demanded of you to-night is of a very delicate nature, and you have been selected as the most skillful man of your profession." Richmond bowed silently, and the stranger continued: "I trust, doctor, you will forgive me for saying that I am aware your position has undergone some curious vicissitudes. To-night's work may—nay, will, if you have the courage to face the world once more—restore you to a position worthier of your great ability." Again Richmond bowed. "You will not take it amiss," said the other, "if I suggest that your difficulty

in recovering lost ground may be increased by—well, by financial embarrassment. Now, here is your chance. To-night your fee will be a thousand guineas."

"A thousand guineas?" echoed Richmond, in astonishment.

"As an earnest of it, here are notes for half the amount."

The stranger drew from his pocketbook six crisp notes—five for a hundred pounds each and another for twenty-five.

Richmond, with a vague misgiving, regarded his companion as though doubting the evidence of his senses—as one who, on waking from a startling dream, might look for the figure which the sleeping brain had conjured up. The impassive face was before him, and the dark-piercing eyes were riveted on his own.

"There, Dr. Richmond, is half your guerdon. Will you not take it?"

For a moment Richmond could not trust himself to speak.

"What is it you require of me?" he said at last. "I must know that before I consent to undertake it or to accept this money."

"My good sir," returned the stranger, "I am not surprised that you regard me with some distrust; but, believe me, you need be under no apprehension. Doubtless my offer does appear mysterious, and I will admit quite frankly that there are weighty reasons why you should remain in ignorance as to where I am taking you and for whom your assistance is called. I regret I am unable to offer you any further explanation."

Richmond considered swiftly. The bait was large and tempting—it afforded the means of sweeping away his embarrassments and of opening out a prospect of happiness that an hour since, had seemed forever beyond his reach. How much it meant for Sylvia, too—could any scruples justify his refusal of this golden chance?

"Have I your assurance that I am required for no purpose which an honorable man would shrink from?" he said at last.

"My complete and absolute assurance."

"In that case, I consent."

"That is well," replied the stranger, handing the notes to Richmond; "and now, will you forgive me if I draw down the blinds—it is part of our bargain, remember—will you smoke? Try one of these—they are excellent."

Richmond lighted his cigar, and the two men smoked in silence. During their conversation the doctor had noticed that the carriage was driven eastward, and had presently crossed the river by one of the lower bridges; but no sooner were the blinds drawn than the stranger pulled the check-string and the horses' heads were turned. They drove on swiftly, passing down some crowded thoroughfare where the cries of costermongers and the strident notes of a piano-organ floated on an atmosphere sickly with the odor of cheap vegetables and fruit and the tarry blaze of naphtha lamps. Then they plunged once more into silence, and by the deep vibration Richmond knew they were again crossing the river. At last the carriage left the paved streets and bowled smoothly over hard-frozen roads, the horses' hoofs ringing clear in the night air. Presently they clicked across a stone causeway, and then followed the crunching sound of wheels upon a graveled drive, and again the sharp clatter of hoofs upon stone as the horses were drawn up. The door of the brougham was thrown open and the men stepped out.

"Follow me, doctor—take care, give me your hand."

Richmond glanced round him, but in the night mist could see nothing clearly. He noticed there was a lamp hanging from the covered portico under which they stood, but the light was extinguished, and he remarked also that the carriage lamps were no longer burning. The brougham was driven away, and the two men were left together beside the door. Taking a small pass-key from his pocket, the stranger turned the latch and motioned Richmond to follow him. He

entered, and the door closed with an echoing vibration, while the chill air of space swept his brow.

"You observe," said the stranger, "I am hardly prepared to receive visitors. You must pardon this inhospitable darkness. There are no servants here, and I am merely occupying the house for a few days. Can you see, do you think? This way, then."

Richmond followed his conductor across the marble-paved hall, in one corner of which a small hand-lamp made a feeble glimmer of light, and passing through a narrow door, ascended a spiral staircase of iron, leading to a passage where a shaded candle was burning upon a side-table. It was evidently a housemaid's landing; but, although there were orderly signs of a large establishment, the place looked deserted, and there was a closed-house odor of dust and brown holland coverings. The stranger took the candle in his hand, leading the way to a spacious vestibule, from which they entered a corridor dimly lighted by one pendent lamp, that faintly suggested the splendor of the paneled walls. At a door at the end of this corridor the stranger stopped.

"This, doctor," he said, "is our destination."

Richmond, with mingled feelings of curious expectation and bewilderment, followed his guide. The door opened upon a small ante-chamber, through which they passed to an inner room brilliantly lighted, and furnished with great luxury and magnificence. An antique inlaid table occupied the centre of the apartment, and a case of instruments was lying open upon it. The richly paneled walls were adorned by pictures, which Richmond's practiced eye told him were art treasures of priceless value, and a superb bronzed group of exquisite workmanship crowned the nobly carved overmantle. The fireplace was fitted in a deep tiled recess, and from its great size and beauty was the most remarkable feature of the room. The bars of hammered bronze were supported by four brazen figures of demoniac shape and visage, and as the blazing pile roared and crackled up the wide chimney, their molten faces glowed in its fierce light with an expression of appalling devilment. Beside the table stood a middle-aged woman, with a pale, patrician face, whose thin lips were tightly drawn together with an expression of stern self-reliance, and whose clear, cold eyes were turned steadily upon Richmond as he entered.

"I am glad you have come," she said, addressing the unknown. "I was growing anxious. She has been restless and in great pain, but the drops have soothed her." Then, turning to Richmond, "Will you see your patient?" Richmond murmured assent, and she led the way to a door in the corner of the room through which she passed to a small, but exquisitely furnished, bed-chamber. Here also a bright fire was burning, and a polished brass kettle hissed lustily on a trivet beside it. A shaded lamp stood on a table near the bed, casting its

You will find these notes correct, I think. And now if you are ready, permit me to escort you to your home."

At this moment a weak, sweet voice stole through the partly open door of the bed-chamber.

"Anna, let me see it. Give it to me for a minute, Anna—only for a minute."

The unknown caught the words, and walked swiftly to the entrance of the inner room. "Come here," he said in a low tone of command to the woman within. "Remember what lies before you. If there is trouble now the fault will be your own—remember!" Then resuming his suave and polished manner he led Richmond from the room. Beneath the unlighted portico stood the brougham, which the two men entered and were driven away.

It was gray dawn when the stranger returned to the silent mansion.

The woman who had played so active a part in the night's work awaited him in the chamber to which Richmond had first been introduced. Her face—no longer calm and impassive—wore an expression of mingled resolution and terror. As the man entered the apartment she started to her feet and gasped out some inarticulate exclamation, then, with a mirthless laugh, sank back upon her chair and shuddered.

"My dear Anna," said the man, crossing toward her and laying a hand caressingly upon her shoulder. "My dear Anna, you are a little weary. A little nervous and overstrained. Is it not so?" He walked to the buffet and filled a wineglass with brandy. "Drink this, Anna; it will revive you. Ah, that is better. Remember, my dear partner," he continued with something like enthusiasm, "this foolish child's infatuation is at an end. A dream that to-morrow will be forgotten. There is nothing now to frustrate the realization of our dearest hopes."

Again the woman shuddered, and a low moan escaped her.

The man turned sharply.

"What is this folly? All is well yonder, is it not?"

"Yes, all is well with—her."

"With her—of course, but the child?" He gripped her wrist so fiercely that she rose to her feet with a cry of pain, her eyes staring wide with terror. "Can't you speak, woman? The child?"

"It is dead," she answered.

The man laughed, and drew her toward him, kissing her on mouth and forehead.

But the woman had fainted.

From that memorable night fortune smiled upon John Richmond. An old college chum had established himself at a foreign watering-place much affected by British and American visitors, and having the good luck to inherit a snug property in his own native York-



"THERE IS NOTHING MORE THAT I CAN DO," SAID RICHMOND.

rays upon the sleeping figure of a young and beautiful girl. She moved uneasily in her sleep, as if conscious of her pain, and, with a sudden cry, awoke.

"Are you there, Anna?"

"Hush, my child—the doctor is here."

She was moaning pitifully, and gripped the bed-clothes tightly in her delicate fingers. Richmond bent over her and placed a soothing hand upon her forehead; then, turning to the woman beside him, made a few brief inquiries.

"There is no one here but myself," she replied.

"Everything necessary is prepared for you. Whatever has to be done I am capable of doing."

The young mother slept peacefully, and the pale, impassive woman who had performed her duties with an alert and practiced skill held the tiny infant in her arms.

"There is nothing more that I can do," said Richmond, "and I think you have no cause for anxiety. Should there be need of me, I am at your service."

"There will be no need," responded the woman. "She is safe in my care."

Richmond passed into the adjoining room. His unknown guide was pacing to and fro with leisurely patience, humming an air softly to himself; but as Richmond entered, he stopped and faced him with a congratulatory smile.

"I take it, doctor, that all has gone well? It is fortunate that we have had the services of so distinguished a practitioner. Permit me to thank you, and to express my profound gratitude for your visit here to-night. You have rendered me an infinite service,

shire, Dr. Tom Heslewood advertised his select and remunerative practice for sale. It was the very thing to suit Richmond. Far away from London with its bitter memories, amid new and congenial surroundings he could yet redeem the miserable past. Above all, it would be a home for Sylvia, and once more courage and enthusiasm filled his heart.

On a bright morning early in the new year he drove into Charing Cross Railway Station en route for the Continent, for the time had come when he was to complete the final details of his bargain with Dr. Heslewood. As he walked along the platform he observed a group of people, who instantly riveted his attention, and caused his heart to throb with unwonted excitement. Beside the open door of a saloon carriage Lord Eston was speaking earnestly to a young lady of remarkable beauty, whose eyes, lustrous with tears, gazed wistfully into his. A little apart stood two well-remembered figures—a woman with a pale, patrician face, and thin lips, and a man of fifty, with strong, clear-cut features, lined and scarred.

The morning papers of the next day contained this announcement:

"Her Royal Highness, the Grand Duchess of —, left London yesterday for Vienna en route for Abbazia, accompanied by her uncle, General Paulovitch and the Countess Paulovitch. We are pleased to learn that this amiable and charming princess, whose delicate health has been a source of grave anxiety to her friends, has completely recovered. Her marriage with the Crown Prince of Alsatia will probably take place early in the spring."

(Concluded.)



## ART AND NATURE.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe began her career as a writer by preparing moral essays and brief stories for various annuals that were a holiday fashion over sixty years ago. Occasionally one of the magazines printed something from her pen; but these things were all forgotten when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" got before the public, in book form, in 1852.

There is no better sample of Mrs. Stowe's initial work than the following brief story which she wrote in 1850, and it will, without doubt, interest a good many readers who have never seen, and will never see, the obscure periodical in which it appeared.—Editor.

"Now, girls," said Mrs. Ellis Grey to her daughters, "here is a letter from George Somers, and he is to be down here next week, so I give you fair warning."

"Warning," said Fanny Grey, looking up from her embroidery, "what do you mean by that, mamma?"

"Now, that's just you, Fanny," said the elder sister, laughing; "you dear little simplicity, you never can understand anything unless it is stated as definitely as the multiplication table."

"But we need no warning in case of Cousin George, I'm sure," said Fanny.

"Cousin George, to be sure—do you hear the little innocent?" said Isabella, the second sister. "I suppose, Fanny, you never heard that he had been visiting all the Courts of Europe, seeing all the fine women—stone, picture and real—that are to be found; such an amateur and connoisseur."

"Besides having received a fortune of a million or so," said Emma. "I dare say now, Fanny, you thought he was coming home to make dandelion chains and play with button balls, as you used to do when he was a little boy."

"Fanny will never take the world as it is," said Mrs. Grey. "I do believe she will be a child as long as she lives." Mrs. Grey said this as if she were sighing over some radical defects in the mind of her daughter, and the delicate cheek of Fanny showed a tint somewhat deeper as she spoke, and she went on with her embroidery in silence.

Mrs. Grey had been left, by the death of her husband, sole guardian of the three girls whose names have appeared on the page. She was an active, busy, ambitious woman, one of the sort for whom nothing is ever finished enough or perfect enough without a few touches and dashes and emendations; and as such people always make a mighty affair of education, Mrs. Grey had made it a life's enterprise to order, adjust and settle the character of her daughters; and when we use the word character as Mrs. Grey understood it we mean it to include both face, figure, dress, accomplishments, as well as those more essential items, mind and heart.

Mrs. Grey had determined that her daughters should be something altogether out of the common way, and accordingly she had conducted the training of the two eldest with such zeal and effect that every trace of an original character was thoroughly educated out of them. All of their opinions, feelings, words and actions instead of gushing naturally from their hearts, were according to the most approved authority diligently compared and revised. Emma, the eldest, was an imposing, showy girl, of some considerable talent, and she had been assiduously trained to make a sensation as a woman of ability and intellect. Her mind had been filled with information on all sorts of subjects much faster than she had power to digest or employ it, and the standard which her ambitious mother had set for her being rather above the range of her abilities, there was a constant sensation of effort in her keeping up to it. In hearing her talk you were constantly reminded "I am a woman of intellect—I am entirely above the ordinary level of women;" and on all subjects she was so anxiously and laboriously well and circumstantially informed that it was enough to make one's head ache to hear her talk.

Isabel, the second daughter, was par excellence a beauty—a tall, sparkling Cleopatra-looking girl, whose rich color, dazzling eyes and superb figure might have bid defiance to art to furnish an extra charm; nevertheless, each grace had been as indefatigably drilled and manoeuvred as the members of an artillery company. Eyes, lips, eyelashes, all had their lesson—and every motion of her sculptured limbs, every intonation of her silvery voice had been studied, considered and corrected till even her fastidious mother could discern nothing that was wanting. Then were added all the graces of *belles-lettres*—all the approved rules of being delighted with music, painting and poetry—and last of all came the tour of the Continent, traveling being generally a sort of pumice-stone, for rubbing down the varnish and giving the very last touch to character.

During the time that all this was going on, Miss Fanny, whom we now declare our heroine, had been growing up in the quietude of her mother's country seat, and growing as girls are apt to, very much faster than her mother imagined. She was a fair, slender girl, with a purity and simplicity of appearance which, if it be not in itself beauty, had all the best effect of beauty, in interesting and engaging the heart.

She looked not so much beautiful as lovable. Her character was in precise correspondence with her appearance: its first and chief element was feeling, and to this add fancy, fervor, taste, enthusiasm, almost up to the point of genius, and just common sense enough to keep them all in order, and you will have a very good idea of the mind of Fanny Grey.

Delightfully passed the days with Fanny during the absence of her mother—while, without thought of rule or compass, she sang her own songs, painted flowers and sketched landscapes from Nature; visited sociably all over the village, where she was a great favorite, ran about through the fields, over fences, or in the woods with her little cottage bonnet, and, above all, built her own castles in the air without anybody to help pull them down, which we think about the happiest circumstance in her situation.

But affairs wore a very different aspect when Mrs. Grey, with her daughters, returned from Europe, as full of foreign tastes and notions as people of an artificial character and make generally do return.

Poor Fanny was deluged with a torrent of new ideas. She heard of styles of appearance and styles of beauty, styles of manner and styles of conversation—this and that and the other air—a general effect and particular

effect, and of four hundred and fifty ways of producing an impression; in short, it seemed to her that people ought to be of wonderful consequence, to have so many things to think and to say about the how and why of every word and action.

Mrs. Grey, who had no manner of doubt of her own ability to make a character, undertook the point with Fanny as systematically as one would undertake to make over an old dress. Poor Fanny, who had an unconquerable aversion to trying on dresses or settling points in millinery, went through with most exemplary meekness an entire transformation as to all externals, but when Mrs. Grey set herself to work upon her mind and taste and opinions, the matter became somewhat more serious; for the buoyant feeling and fanciful elements of her character were as incapable of being arranged according to rule as the sparkling water drops are of being strung into necklaces and earrings, or the gay clouds of being made into artificial flowers. Some warm, natural desire or taste of her own was forever interfering with her mother's regime, some obstinate little "Fannyism" would always put up its head in defiance of received custom, and, as her mother and sisters pathetically remarked, do what you would with her she would always come out herself after all.

After trying laboriously to conform to the pattern which was daily set before her, she came at last to the conclusion that some natural inferiority must forever prevent her aspiring to accomplish anything in that way.

"If I can't be what my mother wishes, I'll at least be myself," said she one day to her sisters: "for if I try to alter, I shall neither be myself nor anybody else;" and on the whole her mother and sisters came to the same conclusion. And on the whole her mother and sisters found it a very convenient thing to have one in the family who was not studying effect or aspiring to be anything in particular.

It was very agreeable to Mrs. Grey to have a daughter to sit with her when she had the sick headache, while the other girls were entertaining company in the drawing-room below. It was very convenient to her sisters to have some one whose dress took so little time that she had always a head and pair of hands at their disposal, in case of any toilet emergency. Then she was always loving and affectionate, entirely willing to be out-talked and out-shone on every occasion, and that was another advantage.

As to Isabel and Emma, the sensation that they made in society was sufficient to have gratified a dozen ordinary belles. All that they said, did and wore was instant and unquestionable precedent, and young gentlemen, all starch and perfume, twirled their lace pocket-handkerchiefs and declared on their honor that they knew not which was the most overcoming, the genius and wit of Miss Emma or the bright eyes of Miss Isabella; though it was an argued point, that between them both, not a heart in the gay world remained in its owner's possession, a thing which might have a serious sound to one who did not know the character of these articles, often the most trifling item in the inventory of worldly possession. And all this while all that was said of our heroine was something in this way: "I believe there is another sister, is there not?"

"Yes, there is a quiet little blue-eyed body, who never has a word to say for herself—quite amiable, I'm told."

Now, it was not a fact that Miss Fanny never had a word to say for herself. If one had seen her on a visit at any one of the houses along the little green street of her native village, they might have learned that her tongue could go fast enough.

But in lighted drawing-rooms and among buzzing voices, and surrounded by people who were always saying things because such things were proper to be said, Fanny was always dizzy and puzzled and unready, and for fear that she would say something that she should not she concluded to say nothing at all; nevertheless, though she said little, she made very good use of her eyes, and found a very quiet amusement in looking on to see how other people conducted matters.

Well, Mr. George Somers is actually arrived at Mrs. Grey's country seat, and there he sits, with Miss Isabel, in the deep recess of that window where the white roses are peeping in so modestly.

"To be sure," thought Fanny to herself, as she quietly surveyed him through the shade of a pair of magnificent whiskers, and heard him passing the shuttlecock of compliment back and forth, with the most assured and practiced air in the world—"to be sure I was a child in imagining that I should see Cousin George Somers. I'm sure this magnificent young gentleman, full of all utterance and knowledge, is not the cousin that I used to feel so easy with—no, indeed," and Fanny gave a half-sigh and then went out into the garden to water her geraniums.

For some days Mr. Somers seemed to feel put upon his reputation to sustain the character of gallant, savant, connoisseur, etc., which every one who makes the tour of the Continent is expected to bring home with them as a matter of course; for there is seldom a young gentleman who knows that he has qualifications in this line who can resist the temptation of showing what he can do. Accordingly he discussed tragedies, reviews, and ancient and modern customs with Miss Emma; and with Miss Isabella retouched her drawings and exhibited his own, sported the most choice and *recherche* style of compliment at every turn, and, in short, flattered himself, perhaps justly, that he was playing the irresistible in a manner quite equal to that of his fair cousins.

Now all this while Miss Fanny was mistaken in one point; for Mr. George Somers, though an exceedingly fine gentleman, had, after all, quite a substratum of reality about him—of real heart, real feeling, and real opinion of his own—and the consequence was, that when tired of the effort of conversing, he really longed to find some one to talk to, and in this mood he one evening strolled into the library, leaving the gay party in the drawing-room to themselves.

Miss Fanny was there, quite intent upon a book of selections from the old English poets.

"Really, Miss Fanny," said Mr. Somers, "you are very sparing of the favor of your company to us this evening."

"Oh, I presume my company is not much missed," said Fanny, with a smile.

"You must have a poor opinion of our taste, then," said Mr. Somers.

"Come, come, Mr. Somers," replied Fanny, "you forget the person you are talking to; it is not at all necessary for you to compliment me—nobody ever does, so you may feel relieved of that trouble."

"Nobody ever does, Miss Fanny—pray, how is that?" "Because I'm not the sort of person to say such things to."

"And pray what sort of a person ought one to be, in order to have such things said?" replied Mr. Somers.

"Why, like Sister Isabel, or like Emma; you understand, I am a sort of little nobody. If any one wastes their fine words on me I never know what to make of them."

"And pray what must one say to you?" said Mr. Somers, quite amused.

"Well, what they really think and really feel, and I am always puzzled by anything else."

Accordingly, about half an hour afterward you might have seen the much-admired Mr. Somers once more transformed to the Cousin George, and he and Fanny engaged in a very interesting *tete-a-tete* about old times and things.

Now, you may skip across a fortnight from this evening and just look in at the same old library, just as the setting sun is looking in at its western window, and you will see Fanny sitting back a little in the shadow, with one straggling ray of light illuminating her pure, childish face, and she is looking up at Mr. George Somers as if in some sudden perplexity—and dear me, if we are not mistaken, our young gentleman is blushing.

"Why, Cousin George," says the lady, "what do you mean?"

"I thought I spoke plainly enough, Fanny," replied Cousin George, in a tone that might have made the matter plain enough, to be sure.

Fanny laughed outright, and the gentleman looked terribly serious.

"Indeed now, don't be angry," said she, as he turned away with a vexed and mortified air; "indeed now, I can't help laughing, it seems to me so odd—what will they all think of you?"

"It's of no consequence to me what they think," said Mr. Somers. "I think, Fanny, if you had the heart I gave you credit for you might have seen my feelings before now."

"Now do sit down, my dear cousin," said Fanny, earnestly drawing him into a chair, "and tell me how could I—poor little Miss Nobody—how could I have thought any such thing, with such sisters as I have. I did think that you liked me, that you knew more of my real feelings than mamma and sisters, but that you should—that you ever should—why, I am astonished that you did not fall in love with Isabella."

"That would have met your feelings then?" said George, eagerly, and looking as if he would have looked through her—eyes, soul and all.

"No—no indeed," she said, turning away her head; "but," added she, quickly, "you'll lose all your credit for good taste. Now, tell me seriously, what do you like me for?"

"Well, then, Fanny, I can give you the best reason: I like you for being a real, sincere, natural girl—for being simple in your tastes, and simple in your appearance, and simple in your manners, and for having heart enough left, as I hope, to love plain George Somers, with all his faults, and not Mr. Somers's reputation or Mr. Somers's establishment."

"Well, this is all very reasonable to me of course," said Fanny, "but it will be so much Greek to poor mamma."

"I dare say your mother never could understand how seeing the very acme of cultivation in all countries should have really made my eyes ache and long for something as simple as green grass or pure water to rest them on. I came down here to find it among my cousins, and I found in your sisters only just such women as I had seen and wondered at and admired all over Europe, till I was tired of admiring. Your mother has achieved what she aimed at perfectly; I know of no circle that could produce higher specimens; but it is all art, triumphant art, after all, and I have so strong a current of natural feeling running through my heart that I never could be happy except with a fresh, simple, impulsive character."

"Like me, you are going to say," said Fanny, laughing. "Well, I'll admit that you are right. It would be a pity that you should not have one vote at least."

NERVOUS headache is one of those distressing complaints which not only renders the sufferer a misery to himself but to everybody within immediate reach. Any suggested cure is therefore grasped at with eagerness, but it is doubtful whether the latest remedy, hailing from the land of invention, is not rather worse than the disease. It has been discovered, so it is said, that walking backward will give almost immediate relief, while in ten minutes the headache will have disappeared. If the victim can try this cure in a private apartment all is well, providing of course he does not fall into the fire or over the coal-scuttle in the course of the retrograde perambulation, but it certainly could not be tried in a public thoroughfare, on a shopping expedition, or at the theatre, without the most disastrous results. The process sounds rather like turning round three times and catching who you can, but at all events its efficacy can very soon be put to the test.

"By a number of straws twisted together elephants can be bound," is the Oriental version of the Scotch proverb, "Many a mickle makes a muckle."

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

As old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested this wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who send it this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 251 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



NERO AND AGRIPPINA.—FROM THE PAINTING BY KLEIN-CHEVALIER.

Klein-Chevallier  
Rome





## A SUNDAY IN CARACAS.

Though the aggressions of Great Britain may disturb the gentle slumber of the Venezuelans, and give them many a *matutina quart d'heure*, as the French would say, there is, at least, one day in the week when they throw all care to the balmy breezes, and forget, for the nonce, the sword that is hanging over their heads in the form of the "Guyana Limits."

From the moment that the tropic sun gilds the distant peaks of the Andes, and the mellow chimes of the old cathedral summon the devout Venezuelans to the first mass, "Little Paris," as Guzman Blanco aptly termed Caracas, is a scene of life and animation—as weird as it is interesting.

The observance of the "Sabbath" in Caracas is a peculiar blending of Spanish and Indian customs, and it is hard to tell which of the two predominates. Though each class have their characteristic sports after leaving the church, the aristocratic *Señorita*, through whose veins courses the blue blood of old Castile, kneels side by side with the dark-skinned *Indiotta*, changed but a little since the days of the early conquerors, and worships the same God, believes in the same traditions, and her lips are moved in prayer by the same words. Here, at least, there is no caste—no rich, no poor.

As is the custom in Spain—in fact, in all Catholic countries—Sunday is more a day of rest and recreation here than one of religious duty, the most exacting *pádre* only requiring that you must attend one mass. As there are more than one hundred of these said in the different churches of Caracas from four o'clock until ten in the morning, one can easily satisfy this command of mother-church. When you first awake, there can be no doubt in your mind as to the day of the week, for all the bells in the city ring simultaneously, and the mountain peaks re-echo this pandemonium until noon. The city is divided into *parroquias* or parishes, and though one is at liberty to attend any church, he is considered a member of that one in whose *parroquia* he resides, and is taxed accordingly.

The young ladies of Caracas generally select some particular church, which remains the fashionable one for at least a year, and there they are to be found at the *misá de las Señoritas* (ten o'clock), resplendent in gorgeous gowns, whose colors pale those of the solar spectrum. It is needless to say that the young men are not slow in ascertaining to which house of worship their religious fervor draws them, and that they change as the occasion demands. By the time the mass is over the sun is high in the heavens, and his rays are coming down like arrows. The fashionable rendezvous is then the *Cerveceria Nacional*, a brewery which some enterprising Venezuelans have erected in the lower part of the city, and as it is situated in the midst of a shady grove, one can easily realize how it has become a Mecca for all disciples of Gambrinus.

After breakfast, which is generally taken at noon, begins the Sunday so dear to the heart of the Venezuelan, but which would undoubtedly shock the delicate sensibilities of our lawmakers, and send a blush of shame to the cheeks of Commissioner Roosevelt. Among those whose profession forces them to work on Sunday, the coachmen are the first to realize the value of the day from a financial standpoint. And these fellows, here or elsewhere, are the vultures that prey upon mankind. A coachman has always recalled to my mind the definition that international law gives of a "pirate." Though this now unpopular individual may commit a robbery upon the high seas, the law of nations does not class him as a "pirate" unless the act is committed in a "spirit of universal hostility"; he must be the enemy, not of one person or nation, but of mankind in general. And after many years of travel in all parts of the world, I have been forced to conclude that the "coachman" is the nearest approach to a "pirate" in these *fin-de siècle* days, and that his depredations are not confined to any geographical limits.

Caracas enjoys a well-organized public coach system, though the streets are so vile that you are liable to have your teeth shattered during an afternoon *paseo en cochete*, or imagine that you have encountered a first-class earthquake during the entire period of your drive. There are two classes of public coaches—the *coché de numero*, or numbered, which costs a *peso* (eighty cents) per hour, and the *coché de lujo*, or luxurious coach, for two *pesos* per hour. The former are rented thus reasonably because the driver is about the filthiest object imaginable, his vehicle a relic of the early conquerors, and his horses resemble a pair of half-starved goats. The *coché de lujo* is so called because the driver displays a gorgeous uniform, with a high plume in his hat, the vehicle is neatly painted, and the horses are of a better class. Should you ride behind a pair of American horses with bobbed tails, you must pay twenty cents more an hour for the privilege. In one class of coach the lessee is hidden by an immense cover, as though he were ashamed to be seen, but in the other the cover is thrown back that all the world might know he is riding in a *coché de lujo*. Now it happens that upon Sundays and "feast days," those that are observed by the Church as holy days of obligation, there is no fixed price, and the *cocheros* may charge whatever he pleases, from four *pesos* to fifty. Unless a fixed price is arranged, in the presence of a witness, before the driver, your afternoon's diversion generally terminates in a fight with the driver, who is always the winner, as the "tariff" says there shall be no fixed rate upon Sundays or days of *fiestas*. I shall never forget my first experience with the driver of a *coché de lujo*. I was anxious to take a *Señorita* out for an afternoon drive, and in obedience to the custom of the country, was forced to take out the whole family. As I had been in the same vehicle only a few days before, and paid the fellow two *pesos* an hour, I thought the expense would be a trifle, and accordingly invited mother, father and brother. After leaving the family at their home at the conclusion of my *paseo* I was driven to mine, and when I asked the amount of the bill the driver quietly informed me it was thirty-five *pesos* (twenty-eight dollars) for two hours. I gently remonstrated, and as the fellow became very abusive, called a passing policeman, to whom I appealed, stating that I had used the same coach, driver and horses for three hours a few days

before and only paid six *pesos*. The policeman refused to interfere, as it was a "feast day." I then ordered the fellow to drive me to the police station, intending to lay the matter before the chief of police, as I believed I was being imposed upon. Instead of obeying, he started off, saying that he would drive to the house of the young lady's father, and collect the bill there unless I paid it. This was the last straw, for there was little more he had played a good card, for there was little more said and he collected his thirty-five *pesos*. After this experience, however, I was not very prolific in my invitations to young ladies, and now never enter a *coché de lujo* without a definite understanding.

Among the men of Caracas the principal amusements are cock and bull fights, though both of these sports are a little on the wane just at present. In the time of Guzman Blanco a great deal of attention was paid to the breeding of birds, the Dictator himself being not only an admirer of the sport, but the owner of the finest fighting stock in the world. Ever since he was driven into exile, however, the better class of Venezuelans have cared little or nothing for cock fighting, and it is now more a sport of the *pueblo* than of the gentlemen.

This is not the case with bull fighting, however, which seems to grow in public favor, so much so that a magnificent ring to cost about eighty thousand dollars is now being constructed on the banks of the Guaira. About a year ago it looked as though bull fighting was also doomed, for a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals was organized, of which President Crespo himself was made the head. For a brief season the bulls were not allowed to be killed, but thanks to the humane society, the poor creatures were tortured to such a degree that death would have been preferable a thousand times. As every one predicted, this humane (?) fever ran its course in a very short while, and with an antidote in the form of the President and his brother becoming large stockholders in the new "bull-ring," its effect passed away entirely.

At all of the bull fights which I have witnessed here, one thing impressed me most favorably, and that was the absence of women. In some parts of South America and Mexico the women of the better classes are regular patrons of the sport, but in Caracas, I am glad to say, women have a higher ambition, and, with the exception of a few *demi-mondes*, the audiences are composed exclusively of men.

To one who has lived in Spain and witnessed the grand struggles between the toreros and bulls of the Veragua stock that are bred especially for the sport, and kill from six to eight horses each day, with now and then a few toreros thrown in, bull fighting here is child's play. The poor beasts are picked up in the street or wherever the impresario of the sport chances to see them, and half the time he selects steers on the way to market, the meat being sold the next morning. Thus do the picturesque toreros usurp the functions of the butchers. In the ring, the poor bulls spend the greater part of their time trying to avoid an encounter with the "hero" who has been intrusted with the delicate mission of dispatching him, and more than once have I seen the tired animal leap over the high fence that keeps out the crowd, and absolutely refuse to enter the inclosure again until a rope was attached to his horns and he was dragged in by two mules.

Another sport, and one that merits the respect of the people, as it requires muscular strength and skillful horsemanship, is known as "bull baiting." This consists of selecting a wide street in which several bulls are turned loose. As the horseman enters the bull naturally retreats, with the rider in pursuit. The object is to catch the animal by the tail, which is twisted, and with a sudden jerk the bull is invariably thrown down. As the Venezuelans are superb riders and very muscular, the bull generally gets the worst of the encounter.

After the bull baiting comes the sports of the *pueblo*, among which are the *penata* and *loropo*. The former includes a number of sports, in which feats of horsemanship play also a prominent part. They generally take place in the same street as the bull baiting contest. A strong wire is stretched from house to house, and elevated just a trifle above the heads of the horsemen, who ride by at full speed. Just as they reach a point above which is suspended a crown of wild flowers the wire is raised. If the rider, however, is quick enough to grasp the flowers he receives a premium. When the men are through a small boy is blindfolded, a stick placed in his hand, and he is led out into the street and told to strike at the figure of a bird or animal, also suspended from the wire overhead. If he succeeds in striking the object, a shower of sweets fall upon the ground below, and among the spectators there is a scramble that sometimes results in broken heads or dislocated limbs.

In the evening after the *piñata* comes the *loropo*, or dance of the *pueblo*. This is a national dance very much like the *fandango* of old Spain; still it has a distinctive characteristic of its own, both as to music and movement, and to see it once is to remember it always. The peasantry of Venezuela are musicians and dancers by nature, and you will see little children that have just learned to walk execute steps marvelous and graceful enough to do credit to a *première danseuse*. The guitar—differing slightly, however, from the traditional instrument of old Spain—always furnishes the music for the *loropo*. The guitar in question is made in Venezuela, and has only four strings, over which all of the fingers of the right hand are rapidly passed back and forth. The notes of the *loropo* produced in this manner are weird and inspiring, and after once hearing them you no longer wonder why these people dance so gracefully. In addition to the guitar another native instrument is sometimes used. This is called the *maraca*, and consists of two gourds nearly filled with pebbles. These are shaken in rhythm with the music, producing an effect similar to that of the castanets. As every man in Venezuela carries either a revolver or *machets* (a long knife), and copious draughts of *aguardiente* are indulged in by the dancers, both male and female, it is the exception when a *loropo* does not terminate in a free fight, in which several of the participants are either killed or severely wounded.

A number of young Venezuelans educated in the United States and England, assisted by a few foreigners living here, have introduced a novel Sunday amuse-

ment, which never fails to attract the better class of people. Baseball, cricket and lawn-tennis conclude the afternoon's sport for the young men, and though the climate is not one calculated to induce a fervent desire for physical exercise, those who do not care to play are always present to encourage the efforts of those who have the temerity to do so.

Now and then you will see a straggling bicyclist, but the streets and roads are so bad that I doubt if this exercise will ever reach here the popularity that it has in the United States and Europe.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun is hidden behind the peaks of the Andes, and twilight begins to settle down in the valley, the church bells ring out again a gentle warning to the faithful that it is the hour of the vesper service. As attendance at this time is not compulsory, few if any of the *pueblo* respond. To me, however, the most impressive service of the day is at twilight, and often I recall my first Sunday in Caracas, and the vesper service at the old Capuchin Church on the hill of Portora.—(See page 5.)—W. NEPHEW KING.

## THE PRECURSOR OF POE.

BY JOEL BENTON.

## II.

In "The Vigil of Aiden" Chivers is distinctly Poesque. He opens it as follows:

In the Rosy Bowers of Aiden  
With her ruby lips love-laden,  
Dwelt the mild, the modest maiden,  
Whom Politian called Lenore.  
As the churches, with their whiteness,  
Cloth the earth with her uprightness,  
Clothed she now his soul with brightness,  
Breathing out her heart's love-lore;  
For her lily limbs so tender,  
Like the moon in her own splendor  
Seemed all earthly things to render  
Bright as Eden was of yore.

Then he cried out broken-hearted,  
In this desert world deserted,  
Though she had not yet departed—  
"Are we not to meet, dear maiden!  
In the Rosy Bowers of Aiden,  
As we did in days of yore?"  
And that modest, mild, sweet maiden,  
In the Rosy Bowers of Aiden,  
With her lily lips love-laden,  
Answered, "Yes! forever more!"  
And the old time Towers of Aiden  
Echoed, "Yes! forever more!"

"The Vigil of Aiden" covers twenty-six pages of the "Fonchs of Ruby," so that it is difficult to sample it accurately. But I give a few additional extracts from it below:

Oh! the plaintive sweet beseeching  
Of those lips that death was bleaching  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Then her mother cried "My Daughter!"  
As from earth the angels caught her—  
She had passed the Stygian water  
On the Asphodelian shore!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Through the amethystine morning  
\* \* \* \* \*  
From the Jasper Reeds of Aiden,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Lofty piles of echoing thunder,  
Filling all sky Heaven under—  
Drowning all the stars with wonder—  
Burthened with the name Lenore!

\* \* \* \* \*  
And the lips of that damned Demon,  
Like the Syren to the Seamen,  
With the voice of his dear Leman,  
Answered, "Never—never more!"  
And the old time Towers of Aiden  
Echoed, "Never—never more!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
Through the luminiferous Gihon,  
To the Golden City high on  
High Eternity's Mount Zion,  
God built in the Days of Yore—  
To the Golden Land of Goshen,  
Far beyond Time's upper ocean,  
Where, beholding our devotion,  
Float the argent orbs all o'er—  
To Avillon's happy Valley,  
Where the breezes ever daily  
With the roses in each Alley  
There to rest forever more."

\* \* \* \* \*  
While the Seraphim all waited  
At the portals congregated  
Of the City Golden-gated,  
Crying, "Rise with thy Lenore!"

Did Chivers strike first these cadences, now so familiar? Or were they Poe's invention who made them immortal in "The Raven"? In Chivers's poem of "Avalon" occur such passages as follow:

For thou didst tread with fire-ensandaled feet,  
Star-crowned, forgiven,  
The burning diapason of the stars so sweet,  
To God in Heaven!

\* \* \* \* \*  
The Violet of her soul-suffused eyes  
Was like that flower  
Which blows its purple trumpet at the skies  
For Dawn's first hour.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Four little Angels killed by one cold Death  
To make God glad!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thou wert like Taleisin, "full of eyes,"  
Babbling of Love!  
My beautiful, Divine Eumenides!  
My gentle Dove!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Kindling the high-uplifted stars at even  
With thy sweet song,  
The Angels, on the Sapphire Sills of Heaven,  
In rapturous throng  
Mailed to milder meekness with the Seven  
Bright Lamps of God to glory given  
Lent down to hear thy voice roll up the leaven,



Where thou art lying  
Beside the beautiful undying  
In the valley of the passing of the Moon,  
Oh! Avalon! my son! my son!

On the poem titled "Lord Uther's Lament for Ella" the imprint and flavor, which we know as Poe's, are unquestionable. Mark, for instance, these stanzas:

On the mild month of October  
Through the fields of Cooly Rauber  
By the great Archangel Huber,  
Such sweet songs of love did flow,  
From her golden lips preluded  
That my soul with joy was flooded,  
As by God the earth was wooed  
In the days of long ago.

All her soul's divinest treasure  
Poured she out then without measure,  
Till an ocean of deep pleasure  
Drowned my soul from all its woe;  
Like Cecilia Instella,  
In the flowers of Boscabella,  
Sang the saintly Angel Ella  
In the days of long ago.

Here, also, is a visible Poe touch from the poem of "The Dying Swan":

"Back to Hell, thou ghostly Horror!"  
Thus I cried, dear Isidor!  
Phantom of remorseless Sorrow!  
Death might from thee pallor borrow,  
Borrow leanness ever more!

In one of Bayard Taylor's witty accounts in "The Diversions of the Echo Club," Chivers is discussed. "The Ancient" says: "Why, we even had a hope that something wonderful would come out of Chivers!"

*Omnes—Chivers?*  
The Ancient—Have you never heard of Chivers? He is a phenomenon. . . . One of the finest images in modern poetry is in his "Apollo":

Like cataracts of adamant uplifted into mountains,  
Making oceans metropolitan for the splendor of the dawn.

Further on "The Ancient" says: "I remember also a stanza of his 'Rosalie Lee':"

Many mellow Cydonian suckets,  
Sweet apples, anthosmal, divine,  
From the ruby-rimmed berylne buckets,  
Star gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline;  
Like the sweet, golden goblet found growing  
On the wild emerald cucumber tree,  
Rich, brilliant, like chrysoprase glowing  
Was my beautiful Rosalie Lee.

It is not only in the swing of his verse, but in the epithets of this *bizarre* Georgia poet, and sometimes in the exact phrases, that we are confronted with the Poe manner. Such words as "Aiden," "abysmal," "Eulalie," "Asphodel," "Evangeli," "Avalon," "Auber" and dozens of others require no comment or foot-note. Two poets could not have fallen upon them by original choice, to say nothing of the atmosphere which was drawn around them. Of course there is no question that Poe used this machinery and hypnotism better than Chivers did or could. One leaves an immortal halo around his name, and the other a nebulous mist which failed to condense into a star.

Poe sometimes divorced sense from sonority—so that he was called by Emerson "the jingle poet." Chivers carried this habit often to a grotesqueness fairly lunatic. Poe's nomenclature at least was sound. But Chivers's was so far-fetched and abnormal that meaning never entered many of his words, and etymology did not preside over their capricious and erratic birth. Perhaps their mystery makes them more expressive and appalling. Who, for instance, can tell what is an "Eonch"? Is there any dictionary which can explain to us a "sucket"? and, when it has done that, can tell us also what is a "Cydonian sucket"?

Chivers made extreme pomp and majesty of expression his high aim. He could also be fluent when he revealed no message. You are reminded by him of Edwin Lear's "The Jumbies," and of the epithet quality of Lewis Carroll's "Gabblerwock." But, if he set the mold and pace for Poe, on which Poe erected his own fame, he will surely have some claim to remembrance. It is true the poetry, which is weird and mystifying, and which, to use Taylor's phrases, "has a hectic flush, a strange, fascinating narcotic quality," is not now in the ascendant. When its fashion comes around again, as it may in Nature's cyclic progress, will Poe and Chivers stand together as our poetic Castor and Gemini, or "Heavenly Twins"?

One event which suggests Chivers's priority to Poe is the fact that Bryant in his "Selections from American Poetry," made in 1840, gave Poe no place, while Chivers's first book of verse appeared several years before that date; and Poe was hardly known as a poet before 1844.

Chivers's full name and title was Thomas Holley Chivers, M.D. Somehow his fame went to England early; for there has been for years, it is said, a complete set of his works on the shelves of the British Museum. And a complete set of them, it is thought, can be found nowhere else. So hard has it been to pick up the facts in this curious Georgia poet's life that we cannot find them in Alibone's or Appleton's dictionaries, though the editor of the latter one made a diligent effort to produce them.

But it seems Swinburne's knowledge of Chivers's work began before he himself was so very widely known. When Bayard Taylor was in England, over twenty years ago, the name of Chivers happened, casually, to be mentioned in Swinburne's presence. "Oh, Chivers, Chivers," said Swinburne, in his peculiar voice, "if you know Chivers, give me your hand." Mr. Stedman says that an allusion to Chivers in Swinburne's hearing causes the author of "Atalanta in Calydon" to jump up and down in his chair, when he will repeat with great hilarity and gusto whole passages from Chivers's books.

It has been suggested to me by one critic and author that Swinburne not only repeated them, but that he has put in his own poetry many marks of their influence. This is something near to a laurel or bay-leaf for

Chivers, if he was really so forceful. But the imperfect crown, even if it addition so, must be enlarged if his friends can prove, in addition, that he was the precursor of Poe.

(Concluded.)

## ON LYING AND LIARS.

BY COCKBURN HARVEY.

### I.

THAT lying is an art there can be no manner of doubt, and therefore it would seem that the poor liar should receive as severe criticism as the inferior painter, or the indifferent musician.

Certainly we have the amateur mendacant—the *dilettante* prevaricator—who, not expert enough to make lying his profession, merely dabbles in it for an amusement; and who, like all of his class, seldom attains any high degree of excellence; he necessarily is exempt from criticism.

The Turks, they say, are the most skilled liars in the world—not, probably, because they have any special aptitude, but because they are trained in the art from their earliest childhood; this is not customary in our country, and therefore the Ottoman cannot well boast of his superiority. Moreover, though no doubt the Turks are our superiors in the point of the number of liars, it is a question whether in single combat we should not be able to furnish some foemen worthy of the steel of the greatest of their warriors.

In this discussion I shall dismiss the child liar with a word; he utilizes prevarication as a means of defense, and, in his hands, it is a clumsy weapon at the best. He is invariably discovered and disarmed at the very outset, and, as a rule, has not sufficient *sangfroid*, or ingenuity, to manufacture the necessary *second* lie to cover his retreat.

The "colloquial liar" is sometimes to be admired for his wonderful powers of invention, his unblushing effrontery and his judgment of human nature. Once, in Arizona, I strolled into a saloon, and encountered a gentleman of this description. He was leaning up against the bar, and was unassumingly dressed in a red flannel shirt, a pair of overalls tucked into his boots, and a sombrero; in fact, the only thing about his attire which I considered in bad taste was two enormous six-shooters which he wore slung in a *negligé* manner on either hip.

He had invited me to take a drink. I did so—I thought it best, and besides I wanted a drink really. It seems that he had lately been to San Francisco and that he was relating some of his adventures to the company present. Among other things he described in graphic and emphatic language a trotting race which he had witnessed, and ended up with these words: "Ding dong dell me, boys" (these are not exactly the words he used) "if he didn't caper over that mile in 2.05!" Here was where I made a fool of myself. I ventured the remark that the record time was 2.08½ (Maud S. had just electrified the world by trotting a mile in this time), when he turned round on me.

"What's that you say, young feller? I say this horse did it in 2.05!"

"But—" I began.

"There's no 'but' about it, I tell yer," he shouted; and then drawing one of those miniature cannons to which I have referred, and pointing it straight at me, he said insinuatingly:

"He did do it in 2.05, didn't he?"

"Yes, yes," I agreed, hurriedly, for I thought that pistol might go off at any moment. He smiled, put back his weapon, and the rest of the evening passed very pleasantly.

It seems to me that the rules of society, as to contradiction, are a great protection to the "colloquial liar."

We sit, with blandly smiling countenances, listening by the hour to fabrications which are not even protected by the patent of originality. We hear our host relate personal adventures which we recognize as the same old stories which he used to tell us as matters of hearsay, and we accept, with unmoved faces, our hostesses' protestations of sorrow on account of her having been out when we called last week, notwithstanding the fact that we distinctly saw her flee across the hall and up the staircase when we rang the doorbell on that occasion.

Undoubtedly there is far more art required in receiving a lie acceptably than in merely producing one.

We would not be without the colloquial liar; he is a necessary adjunct of our modern civilization. Deprived of the motive power lent by him, the machinery of society would come to a standstill, this world would be a mournful place of residence, for the art of conversation would die a natural death, and our vocabulary would be reduced to the level of the brute's—merely embracing the expression of our wants.

A good liar is always a great stickler for truth.

The *libelous* perverter of truth is, it must be acknowledged, a blot on the escutcheon of this noble art; he is, as a matter of fact, not worthy of the title of liar at all, for he never fathers his offspring. You will never hear him say: "I know so and so about Mister, Missus or Miss This or That," but he will announce that he has heard such and such a thing about them. This is not Art; it can lay no claim to the title. It is pure commerce, and questionable commerce at that, this trading in second-hand articles.

Don't you think that we might call the libeler the latter-day stilettoist?

Isn't it strange that people who dare not even mention the word "lie," save with bated breath, don't seem to have the slightest compunction in telling what they call a "fib"?

I suppose that if Satan is the father of lies, he is the grandfather of fibs, and the great-grandfather of excuses, isn't he?

The distinction between a lie and a fib is bothering to children. One day I was calling on a friend of mine who is a great churchwoman; at the same time, her pastor, who had noticed her absence from service the previous Sunday, happened to look in to see if illness, or anything serious had kept her away. Her little boy was playing about the room at the time, and, while

she was explaining to the reverend gentleman that it was merely a bad headache which had deprived her of the pleasure of going to church, "on such a fine day, too," the little fellow broke in with:

"Why, mother—"

"Don't interrupt me, Willie," she said, quickly, frowning at him.

"But, mother—"

"Willie, I shall send you out of the room if you don't keep quiet," and then she rapidly changed the subject.

Willie looked at her wonderingly for a moment, then sighed and went on playing with his blocks. Presently the clergyman left, and, after the door had closed behind him, my friend said, with a little giggle: "I told Mr. Fairlamb a little fib; the fact is I went for a drive with George" (her husband) "on Sunday."

In a few moments she went upstairs to get a book which she had promised to lend me. After she had been gone a short time Willie looked up and asked me:

"Mr. Harvey, what is the difference between a fib and a lie?"

"Oh, a lie is much worse than a fib, Willie," I answered, with a mental reservation.

"Then," he replied, "I guess if mother told Mr. Fairlamb a fib she must have told you a lie, because it wasn't father she was out driving with on Sunday!"

I once took the trouble to make a chemical analysis of an average five-o'clock tea-party conversation, with the following result:

Inquiries about marriages, babies and deaths	25
Gush	05
Twaddle and small talk	19
Fibbing, lying and excusing	50
Sense	01
	1.00

Not satisfactory, is it?

Haven't you ever noticed that some men will say, in rather a boastful way, "I told that fellow an awful lie," and yet when "that fellow" comes up later, and accuses them of it, they want to fight him for hinting that they are prevaricators? I have.

(Concluded in next number.)

## DR. JOHNSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

A MOVEMENT has been inaugurated in Lichfield, England, to raise a fund with which to repair the house in which Dr. Samuel Johnson was born, and convert it into a museum and literary club. Most of the relics of Dr. Johnson remaining in the vicinity of his old home are in the cathedral. They are chiefly books, but are few, most of his possessions having been willed at his death to Oxford. The house has lately been allowed to fall into decay. It was built by the Doctor's father, Michael Johnson, on land belonging to the corporation of Lichfield, and in 1767, as a mark of respect for the



BIRTHPLACE OF DR. JOHNSON.

Doctor, a lease for ninety-nine years was presented to him. The house is now practically as it was a hundred years ago, the present owner having purchased it to prevent structural alterations. It stands at the corner of the market-place, and opposite it is a statue of Dr. Johnson.

Lichfield was the scene of one incident in the life of Johnson which is worth recording here, being the one remarkable romance with which he is associated. A young woman of Leek, in Staffordshire, fell in love with Johnson, followed him to Lichfield, and took lodgings opposite his house. When he learned the story he offered to marry her, but she died before this could be accomplished. She was buried in Lichfield Cathedral and the inscription over her grave was placed there by Dr. Johnson.

"The banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," sang Clara's emotional young man.  
"Especially the braes," commented Clara's hard-hearted father.

## GOING WEST.

THE advice given by Horace Greeley so many years ago, to go west, is being followed every day by an increasingly large number of men and women. Some go to stay, to build up new homes, others for pleasure, still others go to look after great business interests, but they go, and they one and all wish to go by a route which combines safety, speed and convenience in traveling. This is the reason why so many choose the Nickel Plate Road. From Buffalo to Chicago its line lies almost as straight as an arrow, and intersected at such frequent intervals by connecting roads that the map looks as if the road should be named "Through Line to Everywhere." More than thirty connections are given, reaching out in every direction. Then, too, many travelers demand a certain amount of luxury when traveling, and Wagner cars between New York, Boston, Buffalo and Chicago, the Uniformed Colored Porters in charge of day coaches, and the Unsurpassed Dining Car Service, supply this. Accommodations may be secured in advance by addressing Mr. F. J. Moore, 23 Exchange Street, Buffalo, N. Y. He can give details as to rates, connections and all necessary arrangements, both east and west of Chicago. From *Elmira (N. Y.) Journal*.



FESTIVE ATTIRE.





LESSON-TIME. — FROM THE PAINTING BY MADAME COLIN-LIBOUT.

## THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. S. WOOD.

To Our Dear Young People Who Are to Become Members of The Happy Thought Club:

WERE it possible to summon before me this morning the fleetest winged messengers of charming fairyland, you may be assured that I would do so. I would bid them hasten throughout the country, from the most northern and eastern points of Maine to the extreme southern and western borders of our great nation—Florida and California—not neglecting to peep, in passing, into the tiniest and most remote hamlets, for even there live many readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and to search faithfully through the great cities, to find those who are zealously striving to organize Happy Thought Clubs, and to bring me some word from each one.

But in this matter of fact and practical age we must depend upon less poetical and more trusty messengers; and I must wait patiently for the mail trains and the better carriers to bring me the tidings that are anticipated with so much eagerness. I will, however, indulge in just one flight of fancy, and invite you all to close your eyes and look with me on a pretty sight. That people are usually expected to open wide the two bright "windows of the soul" in order to see anything, I am perfectly well aware; but this is one of the instances when we can see best with our eyes shut.

Suppose that each girl and boy who is interested in our happy thought plan were magician enough to send us word to that effect in the form of a beautiful white bird. Suppose that from all over the country these birds were flying toward Collier's immense brown building, which covers more than an acre of ground right in the very heart of our city, and where not only the mammoth edition of the WEEKLY is printed, but where books, by "the car load," are turned out almost every day. Do you not think that among the more than million readers of the paper enough interested young people would be found to send a flock of birds many times larger than has ever been seen? And what a pretty sight it would be as the fluttering little messengers sought to find resting-places on window ledges and on roofs. What song do you suppose would burst from their little throats as they alighted?

This question opens the way to another happy thought. We must have a song. One so sweet, so helpful and so happy that it will be like a sermon, like a blessing, like an inspiration, like a joyful chime of bells. We all know how our hearts swell at the notes of "America." "My country, 'tis of thee, My own, my native land." We want a song that will prove as inspiring to every member of every Happy Thought Club as is that song to every true lover of the United States. A song that will ring in our hearts and ring in our ears. Now, who will write it? Who will write a song that is to be sung by every club in every township in our land, and sometimes, maybe—but this is looking a long way ahead—representatives from these different clubs may come together, and voices that have raised the sweet notes in places the most remote may blend in unison as their happy possessors stand side by side. Wouldn't that be lovely?

We will give plenty of time for the best musical production that can be written, and, of course, COLLIER'S WEEKLY will offer a handsome prize for it. Who will earn the prize—and, better yet, far better, earn the distinction of having written such a song; experience just pride and thankfulness in seeing it printed, and in the knowledge that the thoughts thus expressed in fitting words will be sung week after week all over our land? It will be a distinction and honor well worth striving for.

But this week you were to be told more about our badges, charters, and so forth.

I think the badges will be the very handsomest any society ever had. They certainly will if the badge-maker properly carries out the instructions.

From the pin, a slender crescent on which the letters "H. T. C." are to be stamped, will depend an acorn. All will readily understand why an acorn has been chosen—because great oaks grow from little acorns, and one can never forget how goodly a great oak may spring up and grow from even the tiniest acorn of a happy thought. And it may be an oak that will live and flourish and furnish grateful shade long after the one who dropped into the soil the tiny acorn from which it sprang has passed into the great beyond. For thoughts and deeds live long after the brain and hand that formulated them have been at rest. On this acorn will be engraved blossoms of the pansy and sweet sultan. So the young wearers of these handsome badges will be constantly reminded that their



BADGE OF THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

mission is to inspire and disseminate happy thoughts. Our illustration of the badge will give you a better idea of it. Yet one must see the shining little ornament itself in order to know just what a handsome beauty will glisten on the breast when the badge of the Happy Thought Club is pinned there. I propose to wear mine at home and wherever I go, and hope that I never shall close my ears or my conscience to its gentle whispers. I intend to say to myself every morning when I fasten it on: "Badge and I are expected to accomplish great things to-day!" and at night, when I take it off, I shall ask myself: "Have Badge and I done what we could to-day?"

It is quite out of the question to select our colors from those the pansy sports, because the variety is so great we should be almost bewildered in our choice. So we will take them from the blossoms of the sweet sultan—light purple and creamy yellow—and these we find

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BARNEY BARNATO, THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.  
(See page 13.)

duplicated in the dear little heart's case. I would like our colors to form a triple cord—thoughts, words and deeds—so we will add white, as the symbol of purity; yellow we will accept as the glad sunshine, and the light purple shall tell us that our mission is indeed a royal one. No unworthy or impure thought can ever be a happy one. The sunshine we must send peering into all deserted corners, and it must everywhere banish gloom. Royalty must be helpful, strong, brave and true.

The charter will have a beautiful border of our chosen flowers printed around it, and will show the triple cord of our colors sealed with a golden acorn. Every club will, I am confident, wish to have its charter framed, so it can be publicly displayed at the meetings; while the committees on decorations will exercise their very best taste at the public entertainments in draping and wreathing it. No better motto or watchword can be found than the simple name of our club, Happy Thought.

Now, I am expectantly awaiting the letters that will tell just what some of our young readers have done or will do in aiding our happy thought.

## JAPANESE WOMEN.

JAPANESE women have been so much praised for their picturesque appearance, their winsome manners and their smiling faces that most writers on Japan are apt to forget that the women of the Land of the Rising Sun are persons and not pictures, factors in the life and future of the nation and not figments.

Intellectually Japan stands midway between the East and West, permeated by a refined and æsthetic Orientalism and yet strongly influenced by modern science and thought; it is a country more worthy of study at the present time by the sociologist and ethnologist than any other. Emancipated but a quarter of a century ago from the tyranny of an overmastering feudalism, Japan has in less than three short decades attained to liberty of the individual, freedom of education, representative institutions, and naval and military pre-eminence. A revolution so sudden in its realization, so great in its effect on the lives of the people of Japan has not been without deep influence on the minds and status of its women.

The traditional view of the feminine ideal in Japan, of the character, position and work of a woman, to attain to which she is educated with the greatest care, is in many respects a high one, worthy of a remarkable people. The Japanese hold that the chief duty of a woman, whatever may be her position, is gentle, cheerful service. She is trained from earliest girlhood to control and check the exhibition of all emotions disagreeable to others; to wear, whatever she may suffer, a cheerful, pleasing countenance; to give willing service and obedience to her parents, her husband and his parents; to be engaging in manner, neat in appearance, unweary in housekeeping, and faithful in her devotion as a wife. It has not hitherto been expected of the Japanese wife that she should be the companion, helpmeet and counselor of her husband. In order to render her unattractive to other men she used to shave her eyebrows and blacken her teeth immediately after marriage.

Good manners and courtesy are the constant rule of life in Japan, so that brutal conduct and wife-beating, common among Christian people, are unknown there. But there are, on the other hand, various drawbacks to the perfect realization of married bliss, for the law of Japan allows a husband to return his wife to her father for the most trivial reason, or to introduce one or more concubines under the same roof. A Japanese woman can at no age be said to belong to herself, and so deplorably true is this that a mother can, and actually often does, sell her daughter to a house of ill-fame for a term of years without its being considered a shameful and lasting disgrace either to mother or daughter.

The Japanese standard of life and duty for women, though it is far lower than the ideal of womanhood among Christian nations, has resulted in producing a race of gentle-mannered, sweet-voiced, docile women, who bear their burdens silently, endure sorrow and disappointment cheerfully, and who by obedience have learned the Christian secret of unselfish service and complete self-abnegation. These women, living quietly in their paper houses, subject to the will of parent or husband or mother-in-law, have now begun to hear the words, "equality of the sexes," "freedom of the individual," "education," and the spirit of Japanese womanhood has been stirred to its depths.

When the restoration or revolution took place, the

Mikado, then only a boy of sixteen, was married already to a lady of great ability, strength of character and depth of sympathy; and it is due to the direct influence of the Empress that the education of girls in Japan has progressed simultaneously with that of boys. It is, moreover, the Empress who is quietly leading her countrywomen to the attainment of the greater freedom and the deeper influence which education cannot fail to give the women of Japan.

Periods of development are always more or less painful, and it is feared that in the throes of the new birth the old ideal may be lost, the charm of which is felt by every one who visits Japan. But the die is cast; there is now no going back; and the women of Japan must be trusted to reach by liberty a higher standard than that achieved by obedience.

In the fifth year of Meiji—that is, of "enlightened rule"—namely, in 1872, it was promulgated by royal proclamation that "it is intended that henceforth education shall be so diffused that there shall not be a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member." To fulfill this splendid promise, an elaborate system of national education has been adopted in which girls have almost as large a share as boys. There are in Japan elementary schools for the children of all classes, where boys and girls, rich and poor, are taught on the same benches. The next step in the educational ladder is the middle school. The boys' middle schools correspond to our great public schools, and in them boys are prepared for the universities or for business and professional life.

The girls' middle schools are like our public day schools. The education given is excellent and quite up to all modern requirements, while at the same time the characteristic elements of a Japanese lady's education are preserved. I remember well a large girls' middle school at Kyoto which I visited. The electrical apparatus, the human skeleton, and the anatomical diagrams in the lecture-room showed that the girl students were being instructed in the elements of modern science. The traditional accomplishments of a Japanese lady were, however, not forgotten, and there were rooms set apart for giving instruction in the arrangement of flowers, the details of the tea ceremony, and in playing the *gogo*. Without proficiency in these three accomplishments no Japanese lady is thought to be completely educated. At the time of my visit the classrooms were empty, for all the students were gathered in the large lecture-hall to hear a discourse by the Professor of Moral Philosophy on the duties of women in relation to the State.

The technical and the industrial schools for girls in Japan are admirable institutions. One of the most interesting girls' schools is undoubtedly the School for Poeresses at Tokio. In this the Empress takes the keenest interest; she visits the school every week, and knows all the girls by name. The students are daughters of the "daimios" and noblemen. If the Empress had not herself taken the lead in the movement for the higher education of the women of the noble classes it is doubtful if Japanese noblemen would have consented to send their girls to a public day school; that they do so is proof of the earnestness with which the Japanese have adopted modern Western education.

It cannot be doubted that so thorough an education so seriously undertaken will have a profound influence on the character and future of the women of Japan; but it is to be hoped that while they gain in learning they will not lose in charm, and that though they borrow science from the commonplace West, they will not cease to be picturesque and artistic Japanese "muses."

ALICE M. HART.

## SPECIAL TO SUBSCRIBERS.

TRAIN No. 11, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was wrecked west of Harrisburg and nearly all the mail it carried was destroyed by fire. So writes Superintendent Bradley to Mr. E. M. Morgan, General Superintendent of City deliveries in the New York Post-Office. A list of the mail-bags containing COLLIER'S WEEKLY, that were in the wreck, has been sent to the proprietor, thus enabling him to explain to subscribers why they have not received their WEEKLY as usual.

The list includes mail-bags destined to the following States, Territories and Agencies. The returns are those that came officially through Mr. G. J. Elroy to Superintendent Bradley, and have been transmitted to this office:

Alabama, Los Angeles, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Indian Territory, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, New Mexico, St. Louis, Colorado Springs, Topeka, Moberly, Mo., Pueblo, Colo., Grand Junction, Colo., Dallas, Denver, Kansas City, Kan., Kansas City, Mo., St. Joseph, Mo., St. Paul, Minn.

The edition for the week in question was unusually large, and the extra copies were ordered within a shorter period, unluckily, than has occurred at any time this year. All subscribers within the territory affected will be supplied at once, as an extra edition, ample enough to more than meet this sudden emergency, has been ordered.

NEEDLESS alarm has been raised about the health of the King of Denmark, who, although he has been for some time in failing health, is certainly in no immediate danger. He is, like all the members of his family and those of the English Royal House, very much excited about the progress of domestic affairs in Russia, the Czar being one of his favorite grandsons.

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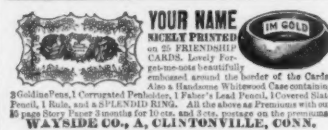
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